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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)*

WE have omitted Tomaschek, Worsichek, Berger, and a host of other pianoforte writers from our catalogue *raisonnée* of the epoch immediately preceding the our own, for the same reason that we have not spoken of Louis Adam and some other composers of the time of Dussek. Though clever men, and the authors of a large variety of works, some of which have unquestionable merit, we cannot find that they have had much influence on their contemporaries; nor have any of them left examples of the sonata, to shew their acquaintance with and attachment to that grand form of musical composition. But there is one, who, though we name last, perhaps merits the very first place among all those who were his contemporaries. We mean Carl Maria Von Weber, one of the greatest geniuses and one of the most original and distinguished musicians of all time. The gifted author of *Der Freischütz*, as our readers well know, ranked among the remarkable pianists of his age. He wrote a great number of works for the pianoforte, in many of which the peculiar characteristics of his genius are prominently displayed. Perhaps the most generally popular concert-piece ever written is the fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, in F, denominated *Concert-stück*. This *morceau* has been for many years the *cheval de bataille* of numberless players, from Madame Pleyel and Liszt to Litolf and Alexandre Billet. We have heard almost every pianist of fame execute the *Concert-stück*, Thalberg alone excepted. Weber also wrote a grand concerto in E flat, a brilliant effort, in which, besides a number of passages entirely new, there are orchestral effects of great originality and excellence. The variations and miscellaneous pieces† of Weber are well known, as are his quartet in B flat and other compositions for the chamber—the latter not by any means his best works, while the former are in their way incomparable. But after the *Concert-stück* the most highly esteemed of Weber's productions are the four grand sonatas for piano solus, in C major, D minor, A flat, and E minor. All of these contain movements as remarkable for their freshness as for their ingenuity—as, for example, the *rondo finale* ("Moto Continuo") of the first, the *andante* with variations of the second, and the *allegretto* and *finale* (*Tarantella*) of the fourth. But most perfect of all, in every respect, is the third, in A flat, a work of romantic loveliness—a masterpiece, which every pianist who loves his art should know and profit by. The fault of Weber's sonatas (we say it with deference) is a certain diffuseness which damages the regularity of their form, and an occasional monotony, arising from the

frequent employment of passages strongly resembling each other in character. But the movements we have specialised are almost free from these, while in the sonata in A flat, from the exquisite grace of the principal themes and the captivating luxuriance of the subordinate passages, they become an absolute beauty. Weber, as everybody knows, has had numberless imitators, but fewer copyists of his pianoforte works than of his dramatic compositions and orchestral overtures, to which, and above all to his *Der Freischütz*, he owes his universal popularity. He may therefore be placed apart from the rest of his contemporaries, like Beethoven—a lesser star, but still of the first magnitude.

We are approaching the end of our digression. A few words about the modern pianoforte composers—a large number of whom are included in what has been very questionably designated the "Romantic School"—and we shall at once proceed to examine the works of M. Stephen Heller, by whom we have inadvertently been tempted to make this short and unsatisfactory sketch of the principal writers for the piano since the time of Haydn, which has occupied so unreasonable a quantity of columns. In considering those of the present day we shall be compelled to pass over altogether, or with a simple catalogue of their names, a vast number of composers, followers in the footsteps of the more celebrated men who have at once influenced the progress of the instrument and invented what is actually new.

Of Mendelssohn we may say, as of Beethoven, that he shines apart from the rest of his contemporaries. He was, beyond comparison, the greatest genius and the most learned musician of the age in which he lived, and which he has undoubtedly influenced more than any other man, Spohr himself not excepted. The number of Mendelssohn's imitators are legion; the shelves of the music-publishers groan under the heavy weight of their productions; you cannot see a new catalogue without observing at least fifty compositions which you may safely swear, without once looking at them, are little better than parodies of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* (the most popular type), or of something else equally his and equally not theirs. But these copyists of a great original, like the other copyists of another great original—Dussek—chiefly occupied themselves with his mannerisms; being, as we have already said, wholly incompetent to emulate his beauties or his scientific acquirements. The best of them are those who began to write before Mendelssohn and were afterwards carried away in the vortex of his fascinating style. The most eminent, and justly so, are Ferdinand Hiller and Taubert. Whether either of these wrote sonatas we are unable to say; we have seen many specimens of their works, but not a single sonata,—although some stringed quartets, a pianoforte quintet, and a few orchestral essays of Hiller, who is a very able musician, show that he had cultivated the form, however inclined to develop it with undue exuberance. Hiller chiefly owes his influence to his *Etudes*, which have been assiduously

* We are happy to learn from a correspondent, who appears to be well-informed, that M. Pixis is not dead. A report in the French journals, some months ago, led us into this error, which we need not say it gives us much pleasure to correct.

† Need we mention the *Polaccas*, in E flat and E major, the latter of which was so great a favourite with Mendelssohn.

practised by pianists and have facilitated several peculiarities of mechanism. Most of Taubert's pieces that we have had the opportunity of perusing are caprices, fantasias, *et cetera*.

(To be continued.)

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From our own Reporter).

THE seventeenth annual meeting of the Sacred Harmonic Society was held at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday last, the President, Mr. Harrison, in the chair. The following Report from the Committee was read and unanimously adopted:—

THE recurrence of an occasion like the present, when the Committee have to render to their fellow members an account of their proceedings for a period of twelve months; to bring under review the various operations which, through their instrumentality, the Society has been engaged in; and to exhibit, without concealment or reservation, the results of the labours of the whole year, must obviously awaken in their minds a sense of the important responsibilities which rest upon them, and an anxiety to be able to present such a statement as will commend itself to the approval of those to whom it is addressed. It is with feelings such as these that the Committee have prepared themselves for the discharge of the duty which now lies before them, of presenting "a Report of the state of the Society, and an Abstract of its Accounts," for the year which has just expired. And it is a source of much pleasure to them, that the occasion for performing that duty has at length arrived, because it affords to the members at large an opportunity of becoming conversant with the actual condition and prospects of the Society, and of sharing with the Committee the gratification of knowing that the labours of the year shew a result highly satisfactory and encouraging, and a degree of success which warrants much congratulation.

With regard to "the state of the Society," so far as relates to the number of persons connected with it as members and subscribers during the past year, the Committee have to report that the numbers in the respective quarters were as follow, viz.—Lady Day, 644; Midsummer, 643; Michaelmas, 638; Christmas, 689.

On comparing these numbers with those of the preceding year, it is gratifying to observe that in every quarter the numbers of last year very much exceeded those of 1848. It is also worthy of remark, that, taking an average of the four quarters, last year will appear to have been distinguished by a higher average than any one of the seven years which preceded it. Thus:—In 1842 the average was 616; 1843, 540; 1844, 561; 1845, 637; 1846, 652; 1847, 626; 1848, 590; 1849, 653.

The increase in the average of last year, as compared with 1848, is, therefore, as many as 63. If, again, the actual numbers at the close, or last quarter, of each year, are compared, it will appear that last year they not only much exceeded the numbers at the end of 1848, but that there are only two instances (and both of them are several years back) in which the number of 689 members and subscribers, existing at Christmas last, has been equalled at the close of any year since the Society was first established.

The number of new members and subscribers received during the past year has been as follows, viz.:—

In the first quarter	34
" second ditto	18
" third ditto	5
" fourth ditto	235
	292

The periods at which the subscriptions of the several persons belonging to the Society at Christmas expire, are given in the following statement, viz.:—

At Christmas, 1849	103
" Lady-day, 1850	105
" Midsummer, 1850	36
" Michaelmas, 1850	445
	689

The rehearsals during the past year have been kept up with

the regularity which has always been customary in this Society, and it has afforded the Committee much pleasure to observe the continued interest in these meetings which has been manifested on the part of the members and assistants; at the same time, their undoubted importance renders it allowable for the Committee to take this opportunity of urging upon all who expect to take part in the public performances a habit of a regular and punctual attendance at the rehearsals.

The music brought under the notice of the Society at the rehearsals, independently of that intended for immediate performance at the concerts, has included the following works:—

Handel's Oratorio, *Saul*; Funeral Anthem; and Chorus from *Susanna*, "Righteous Heaven;" Haydn's Oratorio, *The Seasons*; and Mass No. 3; Mozart's Motett, "Splendete Te Deus;" Mendelssohn's Oratorio, *Saint Paul*; and Cantata, "Praise Jehovah," being an adaptation to English words of the music composed by him for the Hymn "Lauda Sion;" Spohr's Oratorio, *The Last Judgment*; and Mr. Costa's Motett, "Date Sonitum."

The public performances of the Society, from Christmas, 1848 to Christmas, 1849, have been as follow, viz.:—

Monday, Jan. 8, and Friday, Jan. 19, Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*; Friday, Feb. 9, Beethoven's *Mass in C*, a selection from the works of Marcello, Mozart, Hummel, and Luther, and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, or *Hymn of Praise*; Friday, Feb. 23, Thursday, March 1, and Friday, March 16, Handel's *Israel in Egypt*; Friday, March 30, Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, and music to Racine's *Athalie*; Wednesday, April 4, Handel's *Messiah*; Monday, April 23, Friday, April 27, and Friday, May 18, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; Friday, May 5, and Friday, June 8, Haydn's *Creation*; Friday, June 22, Mendelssohn's music to Racine's *Athalie* and Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*; Monday, Nov. 12, Handel's *Solomon*; Friday, Nov. 30th, Friday, Dec. 7, Friday, Dec. 14, Friday, Dec. 21, Handel's *Messiah*.

From this list it appears that there have been nineteen concerts during the past year, a number which has never been exceeded in any one year, and has only once before been equalled. Of these nineteen concerts, ten were subscription and the remainder repetition performances. In the year preceding, the subscription concerts were but nine.

As a proof of the endeavours to introduce due variety and novelty into the preceding list, it may be observed, that Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* and *Solomon* had neither of them been performed since 1846—a period of three years; that Beethoven's *Mass in C* had been laid aside for nearly six years, having been last performed in March, 1843; and that Mendelssohn's *Athalie* had never before been performed by the Society, and only twice previously been publicly performed in England.

It is also worthy of being mentioned, as an interesting feature in the performances of last year, that none of the works produced at them (with the exception of the *Messiah* and the *Elijah*), had been previously performed by the Society, since it has enjoyed the advantage of the orchestra being under the able direction of its highly talented, and much esteemed conductor, Mr. Costa: this circumstance gave a peculiar interest to the performance of nearly every one of the works brought forward at the concerts of the past year. His superior judgment and taste, combined with that remarkable ability and tact, which never fail to gain the entire confidence, and ensure the ready obedience of every individual in any orchestra over which he presides, effected such an improvement in the general style of the performance, that even works which had grown familiar by frequent repetition, presented beauties which had been before comparatively hidden and unobserved, and yielded new satisfaction and delight, both to performers and auditory. In corroboration of these remarks, the Committee would refer to the recollections of those who had the gratification of being present on these occasions, and also to the critical account of the performances which appeared in the public journals, many of which are particularly noticeable for the ability and care with which they are written, and are well worthy of an attentive and thoughtful perusal.

The Committee have the gratification of recording the honour done to the Society in receiving two Royal Visits in the course of the year; the first on the 1st of March, when His Royal Highness Prince Albert attended a performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt" (the seat next to him being occupied by the venerable and illustrious Duke of Wellington, who was present for the first time at one of the Society's Concerts); and the other occasion being on the 22nd of June, when Her Majesty The Queen and the Prince

Albert, attended by a distinguished suite, were pleased to witness the second performance of Mendelssohn's music to "*Athalie*."

The following is a list of the principal vocal performers who have appeared at the concerts during the past year, containing, as usual, the names of several who had not before been engaged at the Society's performances:

Miss Birch, Madlle. Jetty de Treffz,* Miss A. Williams, Miss Louisa Pyne,* Miss Stewart, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Mrs. Noble, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockett, Mr. T. Williams,* Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Machin, Mr. Bodda, Mr. J. A. Novello, Mr. Lawler.*

The committee also obtained the assistance of Mr. Vandenhoff, on the first, and Mr. Bartley on the second performance of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, in reciting the illustrative verses by which the several portions of the music are connected; and it is due to those gentlemen to acknowledge, that the effective manner in which they discharged the duties undertaken by them, contributed much to the general admiration excited by the performances. With respect, however, to Mr. Bartley, the Committee have felt themselves under peculiar obligations. Although long retired from his profession, and accustomed only to resume its duties on rare occasions, to meet the wishes of royalty, he most kindly and courteously acceded to the request of the Committee to afford his assistance at the performance which was attended by Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert; having generously declined receiving any remuneration for his valuable services, the Committee thought it right, in addition to returning him their best thanks, to mark their grateful sense of his kindness by electing him as an honorary member of the Society, a compliment which they have much pleasure in knowing has afforded him great gratification.

The Donations to the Library, which the Committee have had the pleasure to receive during the past year, are as follow; viz.:

William Bartholomew, Esq. A full score of Mendelssohn's Music to the Hymn, "Lauda Sion," as adapted by Mr. Bartholomew to a Cantata, entitled "Praise Jehovah," (MS.)

Henry Phillips, Esq. Marcello's Psalms, as adapted to English words by Garth. 8 vols. (A very fine copy, formerly in Mr. Bartleman's Library.)

Edward Buxton, Esq., a subscriber. Three Psalms, composed for the Cathedral at Berlin, by Mendelssohn.

Vincent Novello, Esq. (Second donation). Beethoven's Mass in D, full score. Haydn's Passione, full score. Cherubini's Mass in F, full score. Cherubini's Six Select Pieces of Sacred Music, full score. Pergolesi's Stabat Mater, and Salve Regina, full score. (MS.) A Selection from the Works of Palestrina.

Mr. Henry Leslie, a member. A Festival Psalm of his composition, "Let God arise," vocal score.

Pursuing the course adopted in 1848, the Committee have purchased all the music required for the use of the orchestra during the past year, instead of hiring the same as formerly. The expenditure for this purpose has amounted to the sum of £184 10s. 3d., being less by £76 1s. 6d. than the sum required for the like purpose in 1848; and the amount of the total outlay, for the two years, has been considerably less than the charge for the hire would have been under the old system. It is to be observed, also, that the charge for the past year includes the purchase of a considerable number of extra copies of the works performed in 1848, which were rendered necessary by the increase in the numbers of the band and chorus, consequent on the enlargement of the orchestra at the latter end of that year. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to remark, that as the stock of orchestral music accumulates, the annual charge for purchase of music for the orchestra, will, of course, diminish.

The accounts for the year ending at Christmas last have, at the request of the Committee, been carefully examined and audited, as usual, by three of the members, who were nominated at the last annual general meeting, viz., Mr. Thomas Dix, Mr. G. F. Bawtree, and Mr. William Reid. From the abstract which has been signed by these gentlemen, and which is appended to this Report, it appears that the aggregate receipts and payments of the year were as follow, viz.:

	RECEIPTS.	
Balance in hand at Christmas, 1848	£159 14 11	
Dividends on Stock	33 9 11	
Subscriptions	957 9 0	
Casual Receipts	9 9 0	
Proceeds of Concerts	4065 7 3	
	£5225 10 1	

* First time.

	PAYMENTS.	
General Expenses	£813 13 2	
Expenses of Concerts	4354 13 5	
	£5168 6 7	
Balance in hand	£57 3 6	

It is worthy of remark upon this statement, that the amount of receipts for subscriptions, and for proceeds of concerts, are each of them larger than has occurred under those respective heads in any former year. By the last annual report it appears that the subscriptions received in 1848 amounted to £803 9s., an amount which was stated to have exceeded any previous year since the society had been in existence, and to have been nearly £100 beyond the amount in the year immediately preceding. It will be seen, however, that the subscriptions in the last year have further exceeded those of 1848 by a sum of £54.

With respect to payments, it is right to point out that one of the principal items, independent of the expenditure for Concerts, is the amount which has already been mentioned as having been expended in the purchase of music, required for the performances of the year, beyond what was previously in the possession of the Society; this amount and the sum disbursed for the library of reference will be found to be, together, about £210. As the Society possesses an equivalent for this amount in the purchases which were made with it, it is evident, that although the money balance in hand at the close of the year is less by about £100 than it was at the commencement, yet as property in another shape has been acquired to the extent of upwards of £200, there has been an actual profit realized of above £100 during the year.

The amount of property of which the Society is possessed at the present time may be stated to be as follows:—

Stock in the Public Funds (3 per cent. Consols)	£1000 0 0
Estimated value of Library, Stock of Music, Instruments, Fittings, &c.	1000 0 0
	£2000 0 0

In drawing their Report to a conclusion, the Committee indulge in a confident expectation that the details which they have been enabled to furnish, of the proceedings and actual condition of the Society, will be considered as highly satisfactory, and as furnishing occasion for well-grounded congratulation. It affords them sincere pleasure to be able to render so favourable an account; and they trust that with undiminished confidence in the principles which regulate its affairs, and unabated zeal and unanimity on the part of its members and supporters, it may be the happy destiny of the Sacred Harmonic Society to preserve for many years to come a course of well-merited prosperity and usefulness.

The election of Officers then took place, and on proposing the re-election of the four members of the Committee, who retired by rotation, Mr. Vaughan remarked, that the Committee during the past year had served the Society so faithfully and so well, that there could not be the least hesitation in continuing to confide its interests to their hands. They had brought the Society through a year of great difficulty with the utmost success, and deserved their warmest thanks. The usual votes of thanks were then passed, and the meeting broke up.

There was a very full attendance of Members.

ERNST.

We reproduce the following notice of a recent performance of this celebrated player, from the columns of the *Morning Herald*:—

"Ernst fascinated his myriad of hearers by performing a new violin solo and his inimitable variations on the *Carnaval de Venise*—the last an achievement of measureless whim and humour, and, although so often repeated, of inexhaustible variety. His new solo, entitled "Ludovic," had not been heard before in this country, but promises to be in great future demand. The theme is not his own, but the adaptation is, and few violinists know so well as Ernst how to put a slight and unimportant

subject in an orchestral setting, and develops in the meanwhile the capacities and resources of the instrument of which he is such a consummate master. The opening movement, as well as a variation in the minor key, preceding the closing coda, were exquisite specimens of adagio playing, a branch of the art in which we sincerely believe Ernst never had an equal, so poetically coloured is his style, and so passionately intense is his expression. But the "Ludovic" fantasia displayed his skill in all its varied aspects; and among the best feats of dexterity which it brought forth were some passages of double-stopping, which were amazing instances of a species of skill which few can accomplish perfectly, partly owing to manual limitation and partly to constitutional inaptitude. Ernst's octaves and tenths are as truly and as firmly delivered as if two players were present instead of one; and this, too, in passages of the greatest velocity and the most irregular sequence. The applause which followed the solo was of the usual vociferous kind, and had it not been so long as it was, it would unquestionably have been re-demanded."

Few critics have appreciated more delicately or more vividly described their impressions of the original and attractive talent of Ernst.

STEPHEN HELLER.

[We follow up our extracts from the contemporary press by an article from the *Athenæum*, on Stephen Heller's *Seconde Grande Sonata* for the pianoforte, Op. 65. Some of the critic's objections are not very easy to be understood—and, indeed, the article is more to be admired for its feeling than for the technical knowledge it displays—but the good intention is evident, and fully justifies us in reproducing it.—Ed. M. W.]

"*Seconde Grande Sonata, pour la Pianoforte*. Par Stephen Heller. Op. 65.—This is a noticeable production: full of thought, full of energy—original in style, and excessively difficult: as highly-finished an example of the new manner of composition applied to the old forms as occurs to us. There are chords in it which would have made the timid hearts of our grandfathers ache,—extensions of hand (to be commanded at a moment's warning) such as the Mozarts, Clementis, and even Hummels never dreamed of,—passages of melody as richly laden with accompaniment as if every player possessed the composure, force, and tone of Thalberg; but also, throughout the entire composition there is that *je ne sais quoi* of picturesque and romantic taste which reminds us that we are living in a time when Music runs some danger of being pushed across the boundaries which separate it from Poetry and Picture. To specify more precisely:—the first movement is an *allegro con fuoco*, in B minor $\frac{3}{4}$ tempo, demanding power, readiness, and precision, which shall never flag, and the effect of which is dependent on these conditions. The second movement is a *balade* in B major, tempo $\frac{3}{4}$ *moderato*: in which there is as much melody as peculiarity of idea. It is full of new-fashioned touches. Throughout the first page, for instance, the obstinacy of the chord of B major in the accompaniment (producing an effect, though piquant, somewhat *bizarre*), belongs to our own audacious days. As the *balade* flows on, the treatment becomes less mannered. The close is delightful, and the movement may be generally described as one of great beauty. We less like the following *in terzetto moderato* in E minor $\frac{3}{4}$. This appears to us to fall to the ground betwixt a *menuetto* and a *scherzo*: it is further relieved only in seeming, not in reality, by what may be called the trio in E flat major. Lastly comes the *finale*, here misnamed an *epilogue*,—that is, a thing superfluous and appendical to the drama, a discourse after the curtain has fallen. Now, this *molto vivace* (in B minor common time) is the fiery energetic fourth act, exceeding in grandeur and interest all that has gone before it, which, according to old canonical rule, is demanded to bring the

sonata to its close. The difficulty of this *finale* is enormous, but its subject is large and bold, and it is excellent matter for practice to those whom no difficulty repels. As a whole, this sonata is too symphonic in style: and not merely so, but also, for a symphonic work, it is too little relieved by contrast and episode. This characteristic is generic to the new school of writers. When they arrange a score, they never seem weary of the *fullest* orchestra. When they produce a sonata, they never appear to lose the notion that they are about a *toccata*,—or a *study* in which time is lost and interest suspended,—should they fail for a single dozen bars to employ the eight fingers and two thumbs. Their works are apt to sound monotonous, owing to this false manner of loading every detail, of strangling every idea, of rendering climax impossible by beginning from the first with a full peal of thunder. To many of the new musical composers, or *dis-composers*, our speculations would be merely *caviare*,—but among these is not M. Heller. In this ambitious work (as also in the shorter essays by him recently noticed) so much genius and science are evidenced, such unmistakeable traces of individuality present themselves, that he well merits strict truth and plain remonstrance conjointly with high praise."

MRS. CLOVER.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

We have heard with regret that this lady intends to quit the stage, whose glories she was born to augment. Her parents belonged to the profession, and the infant was taken from the cradle to appear upon the boards. The descendant of the great Betterton did not, like the majority of our present performers, "take to the stage" to please the vanity of riper years; but the child's mind was from the earliest period impressed with the magnificence and splendour of the scenic art. Before the child knew how to question, the playhouse became her reality, and she grew up amidst its excitements. The girl heard the plaudits of crowded audiences, and the woman had no power of escape from the fascinations which her early destiny seemed to have twined around her.

It was thus that formerly our stage was supplied. The parent gave the impetus to the ideas of the child, and within the sphere which the future life was meant to grace the youth was passed. When the actor could boast of his art, and the drama was not confounded with noise and show, our players were a race almost separate and distinct from every other class. Uneducated persons did occasionally enter the ranks of the isolated order, but recruits of this kind did not, as at present, constitute the principal supply of the profession. Traditions were, by the system we have alluded to, preserved. The pride was generated which no adversity could quench. There were treasured within the circle of the stage recollections which repaid the sufferings of poverty, and the glories of the imagination kept alive the wanderer's ambition amidst the cold and want which in his peregrinations the actor frequently endured.

Miss Julia Betterton, now better known as Mrs. Glover, was born before the stage had lost its brightness. She knew and played with the greatest and the best of the good old time. Her career has been a long-sustained and uniform success. No actress ever lived more thoroughly endowed with the genius of her art; no actress probably ever lived so peculiarly gifted with the power of impersonation. There is no line or cast of characters in which Mrs. Glover has not appeared; and it would be difficult to say in which she gained the greatest applause. So admirable is she in each that the

part we last behold her in she seems to be best fitted to sustain. Other performers have possessed a more absolute ability of disguise, for Mrs. Glover never aims at mere surprise; but with an ease that is natural to her, she slides into the character which she undertakes, and without an effort wins our admiration. There are upon the stage persons who can more startle the galleries by louder declamation and more violent action than Mrs. Glover has ever exhibited, but there is not one who, through a long five-act play, can half so well sustain a difficult personation, or with anything like equal delicacy and truth depict the subtleties and changes that give life to histrionic assumptions.

The public, we fear, have not sufficiently prized this admirable actress. She was, as far as popularity is concerned, unfortunate in not possessing that coarseness of feeling and of manner in which the bad taste of the present age delights. Her pathos is not agonising—her rage is not horror; but we have seen Mrs. Glover in the heroines and queens of tragedy, and the impression which her acting excited time has not yet effaced. To the living generation, however, she is better known as a comic actress. We can remember her as the leading lady of fashionable comedy, and as the lively chambermaid of farce; and she sustained such parts when the managers of our theatres were not narrowed to the competition of a single favourite to represent them.

Of late years, however, Mrs. Glover has confined herself to the representation of old women. Her rich sense of the humour, and her natural enjoyment of the fun of the scene, make her all to nothing the best supporter of this cast of characters the stage ever beheld. She has no living rival, neither does there live the actress worthy of being named as her successor. When she has retired, her place will be with difficulty supplied. She is the best, the most racy and tasteful actress of our time, and the most genuine artist of the day in which we live. She is the last representative of an ancient and worthy race. The spirit which the elder dramatists wrote to and for, in her survives; and before this excellent actress is lost to us for ever, we trust the public will testify that approbation which, throughout a long and arduous career, she has so deservedly won. It is not Mrs. Glover's least merit that her private life has been as amiable and excellent as her public course has been distinguished. "Take her for all in all, we shall not look upon her like again!"

JULLIEN IN EDINBURGH.

(From a Correspondent.)

MY DEAR —, As a subscriber to your worthy journal, and as an humble lover of the art to which you devote your energies and your talents, I take the liberty of notifying the late musical doings in this, our famed capital of Edinburgh, yeclipt in courtesy, the modern Athens, and dubbed in the vernacular, Auld Reekie. Our sometimes dull and spiritless city has received a new infusion of life and animation from the advent of Monsieur Jullien, and his famous band. The sombre cloud which covered our streets, even from Arthur's Seat to the Water of Leith, has disappeared before the waive of Monsieur Jullien's baton, as the morning vapours before the sun. Where late was sluggishness, all is motion—where darkness, light. Scotland has been termed the "land of song," but, of a verity, we are still but tyros in music, at least in the knowledge thereof; and, furthermore, than in a reverence for tunes, ballads, and psalms, forbye the operas *Rob Roy*, *Guy Mannering*, and such like, recommended to our affections by our nationality and Sir Walter, we have

mickle love or respect for the art. Not, honoured sir, but that we are capable of being indoctrinated therein; but our prejudices are stumbling-blocks in the way, and must be removed by frequent and fair teaching. Now, Monsieur Jullien is just the man to lead us in the right path. He commingles the popular music, which we can all appreciate, with the lofty and profound, by the knowledge of which alone we can entertain a true feeling for the most delightful of all the Arts. He reaches our heads by aiming at our hearts, and thus discovers an acquaintance with his kind, which is not always referable to the mere artist. He is, in a word, a metaphysician as well as a musician. Just such a man do we require in this metropolis of leeches and lawyers, to render us lovers of music and proficient therein.

I have myself an indifferent passion for music. I like, even to the sound of the oaten reed, or the shrill bagpipe,

"To flare it in the jaunty day
With laddies daft and lasses gay;"

but I have a soul beyond jigs and reels and strathspeys, and can feel moved by a sonata or a symphony. I like a ballad, especially when warbled, mavis-like, from the sweet throat of Jetty Treffz, who has won all our hearts here—and let me whisper it in your ear, sir, has surpassed in pure Scottish singing all our pure Scottish lassies. But I can also receive delectation from Mozart's intenser strains when sung by the same sweet and captivating artist. Yes, honoured sir, I can feel music, albeit I do not much understand it. I know its powers of healing sorrow, of winning remembrance, of purifying the soul, of enlarging the mind, of cheering up the countenance, of expelling austerity, of reforming our manners, of mitigating anger, of preparing for a better world. For what says Giraldus Cambrensis:—"Animos tristes subito exhilarat, nubilos vultus serenat, austeritatem reponit, jucunditatem exponit, barbariemque facit deponere gentes, mores instituit, iracundiam mitigat." For the effects of which Scaliger thus accounts:—"Quod spiritus, qui in corde agitant, tremulum et subsaltantem recipiunt aerem in pectus, e-deinde excitantur, à spiritu musculi moventur," &c.

But I fear me, sir, I weary you, and do not appear "wise-like," as we Scotch say, in your estimation; so shall proceed direct forthright to the matter under immediate consideration—viz., the performances of Monsieur Jullien's company, praying you to overlook any blunder I may happen to fall into from my lack of erudition in music and the criticism thereof.

Monsieur Jullien announced four concerts at the Music Hall, for Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, in last week. The first night was a great night for M. Jullien, and a great night for his visitors. M. Jullien was received with such thunders of applause that the reverberations might have awakened the echoes of the Carstorphen and Pentland Hills; and the Castle, shaken to its rocky foundation, might have bowed its head, in fear, to its old friend, St. Arthur's Seat. But happily nothing of the kind took place. Jullien merely acknowledged his reception as became him. The hall was crowded, and thus had M. Jullien double cause for rejoicing. The visitors, also, had their two-fold reasons for satisfaction: the thrice famous conductor had not only deigned to visit their city and preside in the orchestra, but had set before them a musical feast of excellent quality and variety. And now to describe the entertainment with what capacity I may.

The concert began with the favourite overture to *Guillaume Tell*, by Rossini—a very dashing and brilliant composition. It was a capital performance, and the bits of solo for the flute,

clarinet and hautboy (modernly spelt *oboe*), pleased the audience mightily.

A new quadrille, on Macfarren's opera, *King Charles the Second*, followed next. The tunes are very charming, and Jullien has arranged them in first-rate style. A solo on the cornet-a-piston was played by the celebrated Kœnig, and excited great surprise and delight. Kœnig is a very splendid performer; but somehow I never could give my heart to his instrument. It smacks of bastardy, as though it were an offshoot between a Kent bugle and a trumpet, and is unsuited to all legitimate purposes. By which I mean to say that it is out of place in the orchestra, and should only be used after the fashion of Herr Kœnig, who plays on it to perfection.

After a polka of Jullien's—a sparkling composition by the way, called "The Cossack"—the band played the *Allegretto* movement in B flat from Beethoven's symphony in F. It was so well executed as to make me regret not hearing the entire symphony. I must own I cannot very heartily sympathise with Monsieur Jullien in this sort of scrap-giving from the works of the great masters; but, no doubt, he has long ago tried the efficacy of playing whole symphonies, and has found his provincial audiences as yet unprepared to receive them.*

Jetty Treffz is a most delightful person, even to look upon. Her countenance is at once arch and benignant, and her smile is like the dimple of an Italian lake, shut out from the winds by high hills. She captivates all hearts with a look, and then fascinates them with a note. Her voice is quite delicious. It has a natural expression, or, more properly, an expression of nature in its tone I have heard in few educated singers. But she is an educated singer, and one, too, who essays and can master the most intense and profound as well as the most simple and playful music. Jetty Treffz gave an example of these two styles in the first part. She sang Mozart's "Vedrai carino," and the German ballad, or *lied*, "Trab, trab, trab." Each was perfect in its way. The first was given with an expression of half sorrow and half entreaty, quite indescribable; and the latter was dashed off with the utmost spirit and a quaintness quite charming. I am inclined, nevertheless, to think that tender and expressive music is Jetty's Treffz' peculiar forte. The crowd, however, seemed to differ from me, for the fair Jetty was rapturously encored in the "Trab, trab, trab;" and returning to the orchestra, sang our own ballad, "Gin a body meet a body," with winning simplicity.

A *valse à deux temps*, called "Wild Flowers," and a quadrille on Hungarian airs, concluded the first part.

Part II. opened with a fantasia on some of the most popular airs in *Don Giovanni*, which have been effectively arranged and combined by Monsieur Jullien. The instrumental obligato solos for various instruments were admirably played. This was followed by a merry sparkling polka, termed "La Chatelaine," the composition of Herr Kœnig.

Jetty Treffz came next, and sang one of the most plaintive and original ballads I have heard for some time, "My bright Savoy," by Angelina, a composer quite new to me by name; after which, being encored, she introduced the ballad of "Home, sweet home," which she sang most delightfully and was applauded to the echo. Nothing could have been more unpretending—nothing more graceful, touching, and pretty.

In the course of the evening Jetty Treffz gave us a Neapolitan canzonet, called "Io te voglio bene," with a new

charm and a new effect. It was quite surprising to hear this delightful singer so much at home in so many different languages. Italian, German, English, and even Scotch! were mastered with the ease of a native, and a grace peculiarly her own. In conclusion, touching this celebrated songstress, I have merely to add that her success was unmistakable and universal, and that there was not an individual in the crowded assembly who did not depart deeply impressed with the attractions of Jetty Treffz and the genuine originality of her vocal talent.

Mr. Viotti Collins, who played Ernst's *Carnaval de Venise*, on the violin, is a young man and a brilliant player. The piece is one of the most difficult he could have chosen, but he was nevertheless highly successful.

The "Row Polka," a humorous burlesque, concluded the concert in the most animated manner possible. This polka is certain to become popular in Edinburgh, since it has a capital tune and is admirably varied. The entire audience remained to the end, and Jullien was one more hailed with loud and prolonged cheering.

On Wednesday Jullien gave his Mendelssohn night, and the Music-hall was again crowded in every part. The whole of the A minor symphony was given, and was listened to with the greatest attention by the audience.* The band played splendidly, and the *scherzo* created a powerful sensation. Two of Mendelssohn's most beautiful songs were sung by Jetty Treffz with infinite depth of feeling, showing her a perfect mistress of the eloquent vocal style of the master. Mr. V. Collins played Mendelssohn's only concerto for the violin in a highly creditable manner, and was greatly applauded. The overture and a selection from the music in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* concluded the first part, and was received with thunders of applause.

In the second part Mr. Pratten played a solo on the flute with complete success; Jetty Treffz was encored in "Trab, trab," and repeated the pleasing song by Angelina, "My bright Savoy;" and the performance wound up with Jullien's Drum Polka, which sent all the visitors away in excellent humour.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THERE was a veritable "crammer" at the fourteenth concert, on Wednesday night. On few occasions have we seen Exeter Hall so densely crowded. The programme, it must be admitted, was an attractive one.

The concert commenced with a very spirited performance of Beethoven's fine overture to *Leonora*, which was well directed by Herr Anschuez. It appears that our hints have not been thrown away. The band played on Wednesday night in the same efficient manner which won almost unqualified approbation at the first concert. We were, therefore, correct in saying *Verbum sat, sap.*—"a word to Stammers is enough." The fact cannot be denied, that a good orchestral piece well rendered invariably puts an audience in the right sort of humour for what follows; which was indisputably the case on the present occasion.

The selection was the old one from the *Lucia*, the principal point in which was the "Fra poco" (in English, "Tombs of my fathers,") of Mr. Sims Reeves, who was enthusiastically welcomed. Our great tenor was in fine voice. Everyone knows how nobly he sings this popular composition of poor Donizetti, and therefore no one will be surprised that he was compelled, by the unanimous wish of the audience, to repeat

* Our correspondent should have been at Manchester, Liverpool or Birmingham, and he would have altered his opinion.—Ed. M. W.

*It appears that a whole symphony is possible,—even in Edinburgh.—Ed.

the final movement. Of the next important feature of the selection, Miss Lucombe's "Regnava nel silenzio," (in Italian—Miss Lucombe prefers Italian) we have also frequently spoken in terms of praise, which were perhaps never better merited than on Wednesday night. Miss Lucombe, though an experienced singer, does not think it useless to improve, and we rarely have the pleasure of hearing her without having also the gratification of observing the progress she continually makes. The "Regnava nel silenzio" is one of the pieces which best suit her voice and style.

What is there new to say of Thalberg and his *Don Giovanni*—we mean of the *fantasia* in which he has so effectively treated the serenade and the *minuetto*? There is nothing new to say, and we shall not attempt impossibilities by seeking for a novel mode of apostrophising the wonderful perfection with which he plays it. He was greatly applauded, and made his bow on being recalled—a climax which might almost be stereotyped where Thalberg's playing is in question. In the second part Thalberg gave his *Don Pasquale* with a similar result. Mrs. Newton was very successful, and obtained a recall, in "O Luce di quest' anima;" but we like to hear this clever lady in better music. Herr Formes gained the usual encore in "Qui sdegno," which he sang with even more than his usual gravity of voice and solemnity of manner.

Ernst introduced a new *fantasia*—that is to say, a *fantasia* new to the Wednesday Concerts—the subject from Herold's opera of *Ludovic*, which, judging from the effect it produced, is likely to rival all the others in popularity. One of the principal things that impart so great an interest to the *fantasias* of this admirable musician, and make them as acceptable to the cultivated as to the popular ear, is the extreme cleverness of the orchestral accompaniments. Ernst has evidently studied deeply the art of writing for instruments. His variations are enriched by accompaniments remarkable both for their marked character and the ingenuity of their management. He treats the wind instruments with continual variety of effect, and though he uses them with the utmost freedom never in such a manner as to impair the clearness of the passages. But this is not all. The *fantasias* of Ernst—which can rarely be said of *fantasias* in general—are well constructed; one passage succeeds another naturally, without the intervention of unmeaning *remplissage*, while the themes are happily contrasted and consistently used. In the *fantasia* on *Ludovic* these excellencies are always observable, in consequence of which the interest never flags from the commencement to the conclusion. Ernst was in glorious play. Everything succeeded with him and the most extraordinary difficulties were mastered—or rather played with—as easily as the simplest passages. The theme was delivered with exquisite playfulness and each variation obtained a hearty round of applause. The variations are all clever and effective, but that which struck us most was the arpeggio played with the *staccato* bow, while the theme is distributed among the instruments of the orchestra, the execution of which was the very perfection of neatness and brilliancy. The *Ludovic* was a complete hit and is to be repeated at the next concert. Among the most attentive hearers and loudest applauders of Ernst and his *fantasia* we were pleased to observe our countryman, Mr. Hayward (of Wolverhampton), himself one of the most gifted violinists of the day, and therefore the more capable of appreciating excellence in others. In the second part Ernst played the *Carnaval*, which created the accustomed *furor*, although it is worth noting that he introduced scarcely one of the more brilliant and showy variations—a strong proof of the audience's entire appreciation of the more refined

qualities of his playing. Although unanimously encored, Ernst was satisfied to return and bow to the audience and when again recalled did not again make his appearance, which was hardly to be wondered at, since it was much past eleven before he commenced his second piece. This reminds us of what we have already intended to hint to Mr. Stammers—that the original and judicious plan of bringing his concerts to a termination before eleven o'clock appears to have been abandoned. We hope this is inadvertent, and not intentional. We are aware that the encores must frequently overturn the calculations of the director in the construction of his programmes; but this does not palliate, in the eyes of the public, an undue prolongation of the time originally assigned to the performance. Either the programmes must be shortened, or the singers and players must resolutely decline encores. Much might be effected if a rule were enforced that no encore whatever accompanied by the slightest signs of opposition should be accepted by the artist. This, in fact, would do away with at least one-half of them. *Verbum sat, sap.*—"a word to Stammers is enough," which we have said before, and hope not to be compelled to say again on many future occasions.

The plaintive ballad of "The last rose of summer," finely sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, was vociferously re-demanded; and Miss Poole obtained loud applause for her sweet singing of that sweetest of canzonets, "My mother bids me bind my hair." Another encore was awarded to Mr. T. Harper's exceedingly clever execution of "The soldier tired" upon the trumpet. The compliment was thoroughly deserved. Miss Eyles showed progress and feeling in Mercadante's aria, "So m'abbandoni," but hardly showed judgment in selecting so long and difficult a piece. After a duet from *L'Élixir* ("Fairest maiden") by Mrs. A. Newton and Herr Formes—not well suited to a concert-room—the first part came brilliantly to a close with a really admirable performance of Auber's animated and splendid overture to *Masaniello*.

The second part must be briefly dismissed. The most interesting feature was an overture in E minor, called *Marie du Bois*, by Sterndale Bennett, so rarely given in public that it was quite a boon to hear it. This is the shortest and least ambitious of Bennett's overtures; but it is a little gem—a quiet bit of pastoral, symmetrical in form and perfectly original in style. The band played it well, but might have played it better. Herr Anschütz should give this overture an extra rehearsal another time; it is well worth the pains.

The "Largo al factotum" of Herr Formes, a prodigiously animated piece of vocal execution, created, as it did on a previous occasion, a great sensation among the audience, and was uproariously encored. Those who have not heard Herr Formes in this glorious *buffo* air would scarcely credit the ease and rapidity of utterance with which he sings it. Few efforts of the popular German basso have been received with more decided favor. Wallace's charming ballad, "Alas! those chimes," in which Miss Poole produced so great an impression on the first production of *Maritana*, was sung by that lady as well as ever; and we must confess to be surprised, where encores are so plentiful, and so often indiscriminate, that one—and a hearty one, too—was not accorded to this. Mr. Sims Reeves had a third encore in "The White Squall," in obedience to which, he gave "My pretty Jane," judiciously substituting a lively song for a dull one. The rest of the vocal pieces we did not hear, but we know that Bishop's "Chough and Crow" wound up the concert.

If the audience could only be persuaded how they *embêler*—we cannot find a more expressive word—how they *embêler*

themselves, unconsciously, by those eternal encores there might be some chance of a reform. Mr. Sims Reeves or Herr Formes should make a speech and tell them so.

DEATH OF MADAME GRASSINI.

MADAME GRASSINI, one of the most celebrated Italian singers, and the most beautiful woman, of her day, died lately at Milan, at the advanced age of seventy-five. Few of her profession ever boasted of a career so long and so brilliant as hers. In Italy, France, Germany, and England, she achieved for herself the highest reputation, and for many years ruled in undisputed possession on the throne of song. A reign so prolonged and so glorious must needs present some features of interest; we shall accordingly render a brief account of her life, and offer some critical remarks on her talents and capabilities.

Madame Grassini was born at Varese, in Lombardy, in 1775. From her earliest age she displayed an extraordinary aptitude and predilection for music. Struck with these manifestations, and the singular beauty of her voice, General Belgiojoso undertook the charge of her education. The progress of the young cantatrice surpassed the most ardent expectations of her patron. Mademoiselle Grassini became an accomplished singer at an age when other candidates for the profession are in their noviciate. She made her *début* at La Scala, in Milan, in 1794. She sang with Marchesi, and the tenor Lazzarini, in the *Artaserse* of Zingarelli; and in the *Demofonte* of Portogallo. She was overwhelmed with applauses, and the beauty, power, and quality of her voice, produced an immense effect. Her lower notes were more especially admired. Madame Grassini's voice was in fact a contralto; but, like Malibran, she had worked it up into the soprano register. This was hardly to be wondered at. The contralto voice was not known at the time, at least no composer until Rossini wrote expressly for it. It was therefore absolutely necessary to master the soprano register to sing in opera at all. Madame Grassini, by all accounts, did not improve the quality and beauty of her voice by departing from its natural compass.

From the moment of her first appearance Madlle. Grassini created an unprecedented sensation, which soon spread throughout all Italy. The managers of all the principal theatres hastened to offer her the most magnificent engagements. Her journey to Venice, to Naples, to Rome, was marked by a series of triumphs. Recalled to Milan in 1796 she sang with Crescentini in Zingarelli's *Romeo e Giulietta*, and excited the utmost enthusiasm. The following year she appeared at Venice, at the La Fenice theatre, where she played Orazia in Cimarosa's opera, *Gli Orazi e i Curiazi*. Again she awakened the same *furor*, each performance confirming more and more the fiat of public opinion. Shortly afterwards she returned to Naples, and performed during the *fêtes* which were given on the occasion of the marriage of the hereditary prince.

In 1800 we again find Madlle. Grassini singing in Milan, at the Scala. After the battle of Marengo she was heard at a concert in presence of Napoleon, then First Consul. Napoleon was in raptures with her, and took her to Paris. On the 22nd of July, in the same year, she assisted at the grand national festival, celebrated at the Champ de Mars, at which eight hundred musicians performed. At this period her voice had attained all its power, and was in full possession of its freshness and beauty. The sensation she created, according to some critics of the day, was perfectly indescribable. Still, we must attribute the enthusiasm, amounting to idolatry, which Madlle. Grassini excited, in part to the peculiar occasion of

the *fête*, since we cannot fancy one in a thousand could have heard her, and those who did hear her, must have heard her to a great disadvantage, considering the place in which she sung.

In two concerts, which she gave soon after at the Opera, Madlle. Grassini achieved an unmistakeable and legitimate success. There was at that time no Italian Opera in Paris, and she was obliged to restrict her performance to concerts and private *soirées*. Madlle. Grassini, in consequence, did not remain long in the French capital. She proceeded to Germany, where the same brilliant success awaited her as in Italy and France.

In 1803 she came to London, and was engaged at the King's Theatre. At this time Mrs. Billington was the reigning favourite with the English public. She had debuted for the first time at the Italian Opera House but a short time previous to Grassini's appearance; and, from the favouritism bestowed on the one—and justly bestowed—and the immense reputation which preceded the other, expectation was wound up to the highest pitch. But expectation, as it always is, was somehow disappointed. Madame Grassini at first did not move Mrs. Billington from her popularity. It was owing entirely to a peculiar occasion that she established herself as a great favourite with the London public; and this occasion, and several matters connected therewith, we shall take leave to refer to in the words of another, as we cannot be supposed individually to know anything of the matter, not having been born for many years after.

In Lord Mount Edgcumbe's "Reminiscences of Italian Opera in England," we find the following account of Madame Grassini in the first period of her engagement at the King's Theatre, and the cause of her sudden uprise into popular favour. We do not pledge our faith to the fidelity of his lordship's strictures, nor to the weight of his lordship's critical judgment; but we transcribe his remarks, as they savour of impartiality and appear conscientious.

"The event to which I allude was the arrival of Grassini, who was engaged for the next season as first woman alternately with Mrs. Billington. This very handsome woman was in every thing the direct contrary of her rival. With a beautiful form, and a grace peculiarly her own, she was an excellent actress, and her style of singing was exclusively the cantabile, which became heavy *à la longue*, and bordered a little on the monotonous: for her voice, which it was said had been a high soprano, was by some accident reduced to a low and confined contralto. She had entirely lost all its upper tones, and possessed little more than one octave of good natural notes; if she attempted to go higher, she produced only a shriek, quite unnatural, and almost painful to the ear. Her first appearance was in *La Vergine del Sole*, an opera of Meyer's, well suited to her peculiar talents: but her success was not very decisive as a singer, though her acting and her beauty could not fail of exciting high admiration. So equivocal was her reception, that when her benefit was to take place she did not dare encounter it alone, but called in Mrs. Billington to her aid, and she, ever willing to oblige, readily consented to appear with her. The opera composed for the occasion by Winter was *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, in which Mrs. Billington acted Ceres, and Grassini Proserpine. And now the tide of favour suddenly turned; the performance of the latter carried all the applause, and her graceful figure, her fine expression of face, together with the sweet manner in which she sang several easy, simple airs, stamped her at once the reigning favourite. Her deep tone was undoubtedly fine, and had a particularly good effect when joined with the brilliant voice of Mrs. Billington; but though, from its great success, this opera was frequently repeated, they never sang together in any other. Grassini having attained the summit of the ladder, kicked down the steps by which she had risen, and henceforth stood alone. Not only was she rapturously applauded in public, but she was taken up by the first society, *fêlée*, caressed, and introduced as a regular guest in most of the fashionable assemblies. Of her *private* claims to that distinction it is best to be silent, but her manners and exterior behaviour were proper and genteel.

"As I before observed, it was the comparison of these two rival performers that discovered to me the great superiority of Mrs. Billington, as a musician and as a singer. But as every one has eyes, and but few

musical ears, the superior beauty was the most generally admired; and no doubt the deaf would have been charmed with Grassini, while the blind must have been delighted with Mrs. Billington."

Madame Grassini remained in England for two years. By the way, the French and Italian accounts differ from Lord Mount Edgcumbe's as to the year of her coming to London. The former makes it the year of our Lord 1802—his lordship sets it down as 1803. His lordship, we believe, is right. This would scarcely be worth mentioning, were it not that it recalls the first year in which our own great tenor, the immortal Braham—may he live a thousand years! and that is exactly nine hundred and ninety-nine years longer than the Spanish Cortez constitution—made his first appearance at the Italian Opera.

An order from Napoleon, then emperor, in 1804 or 1805, recalled Madame Grassini to Paris. Specially attached to the theatre and the concerts of the court, she sang for several years with Crescentini, Brizzi, Tacchinardi, and Madame Paer. Paer wrote the *Didone* expressly for her, in which her acting has been represented as equally fine with her singing. Madame Grassini, it is said, made a veritable creation of this character, which was pronounced a *chef-d'œuvre*, as well for dramatic force and expression, as for the perfection of style and vocalisation.

The fall of Napoleon lost to Madame Grassini all the brilliant advantages she possessed at the court. But her voice no longer retained its freshness and purity, and she could not seek elsewhere to establish a new reign of power and absolutism. She left Paris for Italy, where she sang for some years, and then retired into private life.

BOIARDO.

*Io vidi quel bel viso impallidire
Per la crudel partita, come suole
Da sera o da mattino avanti il Sole
La luce un nuvoletto ricoprire.
Vidi il color di rose revesire
Di bianchi gigli e pallide viole,
E vidi (e quel veder me giova e duole)
Cristallo e peris da quegli occhi uscir.
Dolce parole, e dolce lacrimare
Che dolcemente m' addolcise il core
E di dolcezza il fate lamentare;
Con voi piangendo sospirava Amore
Tanto suave che nel rammentare
Non mi par doglia ancor il mio dolore.*

I saw her shining face grow pale as snow,
When we two parted, and a sorrowing cloud
Grew o'er her cheeks, as when thick mists enshroud
The saffron dawn, or Evening's golden glow.
I saw the roseate beauties of her cheek
Melt into lilies, and big tears start
From her sweet violet eyes, whereat my heart
Such transports felt, as never tongue could speak;
Sweet words, sweet tears, that soothed my saddest woe,
And gave a wild sweet charm to melancholy;
'Twas Love stood by thee weeping—Love made flow
Those tears of passionate fondness pure and holy.
Though dark my fate, those tears can charm me still,
And chase from memory's page each sombre trace of ill.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ITALIAN OPERA AT HAVANNAH.—(From a Correspondent.)
—The Théâtre Tacon, far from feeling that state of torpor that pervades so many institutions of the kind, even in the great cities of Europe, is made by its spirited and enterprising director (the Cavaliere de Marti) a vehicle of ever fresh attractions, and a theme of ever fresh applauses from the intellectual public of the capital of Cuba. The footing on which theatrical matters are carried by Signor de Marti is such as to entitle

the establishment he directs to the well-earned appellation of "Temple of Harmony,"—an appellation which throws much credit on its director, whose perseverance under difficulties of all kinds is the more laudable.

Let us peruse now the repertory of a theatre which shames the torpid apathy of so many others of greater magnitude and resources. The happy selection of operas speaks loudly for the taste and zeal of all those who are entrusted with their interpretation. The operas successively performed since October have been *Lucia*, *Foscari*, *Borgia*, *Norma*, *Sonnambula*, *Barbiere*, *Semiramide*, and *Attila*. Madlle. Steffanoni, the *prima donna*, earns fresh laurels every time she appears. Her interpretation of *Lucia* is excellent. Beauty combined with grace makes its charm. Madame Bosis has been much liked, and is of great use to the company. Signor Salvi, the well-known tenor, easily found the way to the hearts of his audience. He is an impassioned singer and a skilful actor. Signor Badiali and Signor Marini have repeatedly been encoined in several *morceaux* in *Attila*. Signor Cesare Badiali (Ezio) has great command of voice, and is a good actor. The duet with Signor Marini is a trial of skill from which both singers come off victorious, and receive the loud applause of the audience. The *Attila* of Marini, for whom the part was written, is a fine performance. Indeed, it is curious to see a part like *Attila* interpreted with so much truth by Marini. No one can be more unlike that regal brigand of the Visigoths than the mild, warm-hearted artist. Signor Bottesini, who met with so great a success last summer in London, contributed greatly as a leader in the orchestra to the deserved success of the undertaking; and if to his being a first-rate double basso player and a clever pianiste, we add that the man is quite as admirable as the artist, we cannot be surprised at his being a general favourite amongst the Havannese. Signor Frederico Badiali, the stage-manager, is to be highly commended for his exertions. He is equally active and intelligent.

Several operas are now in rehearsal, namely, *Roberto il Diavolo*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Pietro l'Eremita*, and others. The company will leave for New York towards the end of February, where, no doubt, success awaits them. So that, promising ourselves to keep the public on this side of the Atlantic well informed of the progress of music on the other, we shall close our account of the performances for the present. Owing to the firm and liberal administration of Cavaliere de Marti, it has pleased her Spanish Majesty to appoint him one of her privy council, to the great satisfaction of all who are acquainted with the amiable and zealous director.

MR. THOMAS'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

WE subjoin the programme of the second of the series of Mr. Thomas's Quartet and Solo Concerts held at the Literary and Scientific Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, which will be found to be of the same calibre from the first.

PART I.

Quartet in E flat, No. 4—Two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Mori and E. W. Thomas, Mr. Westlake and Mr. Guest Mozart.
"La Cracovienne"—Pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder Wallace.
Quartet in D, No. 2—Two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. E. W. Thomas and Mori, Mr. Westlake and Mr. Guest C. E. Horsley.

PART II.

Trio, in B flat, No. 4—Pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Miss Kate Loder, Mr. Mori, and Mr. Guest Beethoven.
Danish Air with variations—Violin, Mr. E. W. Thomas Mayseder.
Quartet, in F, No. 82—Two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. E. W. Thomas and Mori, Mr. Westlake and Mr. Guest Haydn.

The principal novelty was Horsley's quartet, of which we gave a lengthened notice when it was first performed at the Society of British Musicians. The performers all acquitted themselves admirably. Mr. Thomas played his violin solo with the most correct tone and fine execution. In the quartet and trio he was ably assisted by his coadjutors. The "Cracovienne" is one of Kate Loder's most brilliant achievements; but the fair pianiste was heard to far more advantage in Beethoven's trio. The concert was well attended.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A CONCERT at the Assembly Rooms took place on Wednesday evening the 16th inst. The artists were Miss Dolby; another lady, whose name at first appeared in stars, but was afterwards disclosed as Miss Balfie; and the Robinson family. It is almost unnecessary to state the enthusiastic reception accorded to that popular vocalist Miss Dolby, who sang with her usual brilliancy and taste. She was rapturously encoined in "Scenes of my childhood," and "Annie Lawrie." Miss Balfie is evidently a novice, but possesses a voice of some power, and will no doubt improve as she gains confidence. The room, I regret to say, was anything but full, there being scarcely more than sixty persons present. Although music is making great progress at Plymouth, a moderate scale of prices, as I stated on the occasion of the last concert given here, is absolutely necessary in these days, when we can hear such men as Ernst and Vivier at Exeter Hall for an almost nominal admission. The *Plymouth Journal* (by far the most widely circulated of the local press) adds to a notice of some length on the merits of the artists on this occasion.

"We shall be glad if the director of the concert will take care in future, that the card he sends us, will admit us to the first seats. On this occasion we had to pay the difference of price between the reserved seats and those in the body of the room. Had we been alone we should have declined doing this, and returned the tickets."

Mr. Newcombe, at the Theatre, continues to do excellent business. On Tuesday evening the 15th, *Macbeth* attracted a full and fashionable audience, the public no doubt being anxious to see Mr. Wilmarth Waller in a new character. *Macbeth* is equal to anything I have seen him play. It was full of energy and free from mannerism. His acting throughout was that of a scholar and a gentleman, and the warm reception he encountered must have been most gratifying to his feelings. The Lady *Macbeth* of Mrs. Dyas was an able performance. Mr. Newcombe is fortunate in having such an excellent juvenile tragedian as Mr. Bedford, who on this occasion was the *Macduff*. Mr. J. F. Young, as *Banquo*, gave new proofs of his ability. The piece was well put upon the stage, and praise is due to Mr. Dodsworth, musical director, for the satisfactory manner in which the choruses were sung.

Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Whitworth, and Miss Lanza make their appearance at a concert on Monday the 28th.

On Friday *Romeo and Juliet* was performed to a good house, the attraction being Mr. Wilmarth Waller in a new character. The expectations of the audience were in no way disappointed. Mr. Waller's impersonation of *Romeo* was quite equal to his *Hamlet*. His great scene with *Friar Lawrence* (well played by Mr. J. F. Young) was forcible and impassioned, and all the best "points" were given with felicity. The *Juliet* of Mrs. Dyas, full of natural feeling, was an intelligent piece of acting throughout, and Mr. Bedford's *Mercutio* was dashing and spirited.

On Monday evening the house was crowded by a fashionable audience to witness the amateur performance of Tobin's admirable comedy, *The Honeymoon*. Gallantry suggests that I should begin with the ladies; I have rarely seen the three parts better played in a provincial theatre. Mrs. Dyas, as *Juliana*, was graceful and animated. The scene with the Duke, when she arrives at the cottage after her marriage, was excellent; and again that with Lopez, where *Juliana* is gradually subdued by the firmness of her husband, was equally good. Miss Jane Tyrer's *Volante* was remarkable for lady-like ease, her personal attractions adding a

peculiar interest to her performance. Miss Clare, as *Zamora*, delivered the text with simplicity and earnestness. Captain Disney Roebuck was the Duke Aranza. Often as I have heard my old friend, the original *Juliana*, say, "Ah, you should have seen Elliston play the Duke," it is my humble conviction that the Captain's conception and execution of the part would have encountered her entire approval. It was sensible, gentlemanly, energetic, and effective. The *Mock Duke*, by Lieut. Phillis, a really artistic performance, convulsed the house with laughter. He invested the part with genuine humour, without the obtrusive "gagging" which so often degrades it into mere buffoonery. Captain Austen was excellent as *Rolando*; the pretended woman-hater seldom meets with so careful a representative. The Count Montalban of Mr. Macnamara was also a clever performance, although the best actor on the stage could hardly make the part a prominent one. The little part of Lopez was done to perfection by Mr. A. Stewart, R.N. The dance went off admirably, and elicited warm applause. At the end of the comedy, a pupil of Balfie's, Miss Emily Eardley, sang Linley's popular ballad, "Thou art gone from my gaze," with much feeling, and a *pas grotesque*, à la Flexmore, by Mr. Cave, was encoined. After a sparkling set of waltzes, "The Portobello," by Lieut. Phillips, R.A., was played by the band, the farce of *Perfection* followed, which brought Miss Eardley, Captain Roebuck, and Mr. Phillis again before the audience. Miss Eardley's Kate O'Brien was in all respects good; and Captain Roebuck's Charles Paragon excellent. He mistook the author's intentions, however, in the sofa scene. Instead of playing with the stick intended for Kate's assumed lameness he should have been mute with admiration and astonishment at the discovery of her new accomplishment. Mr. Phillis's Sam deserves favourable mention, and the Sir Lawrence Paragon of Mr. Marston was the model of a testy old bachelor. The "Portobello Waltz" of Lieut. Phillips, R.A., would, I think, if published, become as popular in London as it is already in Dublin and Plymouth. The farce was succeeded by a nigger melody, sung in character by a gentleman amateur (native of Bermuda), and Miss Clare danced the "Cachucha" very prettily. The amateurs have lost one of their most talented auxiliaries in Mr. Martin, who was to have played in the farce of *Done on both Sides*, but professional business compelled his absence, which was a subject of general regret. Mr. Wheeler, under these circumstances, studied the part at a short notice, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all parties. Mrs. Garthwaite, as Mrs. Whiffles, played with her usual spirit. Altogether, I have never seen an amateur performance go off so well. There was, indeed, little to particularise it from a company of professional artists. T. E. B.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I will preface this letter by stating that I have read a musical article on the *Progress and Influence of Music*, from the columns of the *Morning Post*, which you inserted in your last week's impression, that has given me the greatest pleasure. Such an article could emanate only from the pen of a musician who has diligently studied the science of music, for the opinions therein entertained are not the mere babblings of a fanciful scribe, capable only of writing smoothly in the vulgar tongue. If the Editors of every paper would follow the example of the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, and one or two others, the hour would soon arrive when the pretenders of music would lose their hold on the public. The babbling scribe may be placed in juxtaposition with the musical pretender; both are incompetent of deep reflection, and both are capable of vicious dealing in their respective callings. These results will ever be encouraged, so long as such persons receive the countenance of the world. There are four kinds of musicians—1st. The cultivated genius; 2nd. The uncultivated genius; 3rd. The cultivated without genius; 4th. The pretender, or uncultivated, without genius. Unfortunately the fourth kind is most common; and most thrifty, and I will now show that the Royal Academy of Music sends before the public a greater number of pretenders than there would otherwise be if it had never been established, on account of the mismanagement of the Committee. The Royal Academy of Music was pro-

posedly instituted to afford *liberal education* on moderate terms to such persons as in early life evinced uncommon musical abilities. Such a restriction is just, as it deters many from entering a profession which by nature they are not able honorably to preserve. The Committee, not being interested to abide by this restriction, have departed from it, and thus mere pretenders are admitted into the Academy. This is not the worst evil I shall name. It is customary to present *certificates* to the Academicians on leaving the institution, and they are often presented to mere pretenders. Thus, then, the Committee sanction and nominally patronise mere pretenders. This I can prove in more instances than one, and one instance I will give. The principal singing master of the Royal Academy of Music presented a certificate to a gentleman who did not so much as know the nature of his own voice; and he was sent to teach others the art of vocalization! This very master has been nearly thirty years in full practice, and has not brought out one great singer; but the Committee still patronise him at the expense of English vocalists. I have often heard our vocalists struggling to produce great and dramatic effects, which for want of proper schooling they have failed in accomplishing, and too often third-rate foreign singers with inferior voices to our vocalists have taken away public applause, and placed these injured vocalists in the back ground. The Academicians are led to believe, when life is in its spring, that the Committee will support them because they are kind, and give paternal smiles to them, so long as they remain in the Academy; but they learn, later in life, that Foreigners receive their money. He who has attended the exhibitions shown at the R. A. M. concerts, will see some affluent gentleman taking a most lively interest in the welfare of the *debutants*, and he would be surprised to be told that they were members of the committee, puffing off some students, so that they can leave the academy *creditably*, knowing, at the same time, that third-rate Foreign talent will surpass them. Why is this practised? To get rid of old pupils, to supply the academy with new ones, so that more money may come into the hands of the committee? I will not answer this question; but am satisfied by remarking that the committee are peculiarly interested in obtaining pupils, and the less they have to learn the sooner this object is effected! The public may judge whether all I have advanced does not look like trading with musicians or pretenders. Of this I am certain, that the mismanagement of the R. A. M. reflects discredit to our noble land, and is especially hurtful to public vocalists.—I am, sir, yours obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S.—All personal attacks I shall not notice; but if any misstatements occur in the above letter, I shall be glad to acknowledge them.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

STRAND.

THE announcement that Mrs. Glover is about to take her farewell of the stage at the close of her present engagement has filled the theatre every night. This great actress is going through a series of her favourite performances, and lately has appeared in one of her greatest, the Widow Green in the *Love Chase*, which she played with consummate art and immense effect. To criticise a performance in detail so generally known is not requisite. We certainly never saw Mrs. Glover play it better. Now that we are about to lose our greatest living actress, we would not willingly part with her without beholding her in one of her most remarkable characters, viz., Lady Wishfort, in Congreve's comedy of *The Way of the World*, in which she created so great a sensation a few years ago at the Haymarket. Nor should Mrs. Glover quit the stage without permitting her admirers to witness her Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, and Mrs. Quickly in *Henry the Fourth*. We throw out these hints to the management, as we have heard frequent declarations of a desire to see the great artist in these, two of her very finest assumptions.

The *Love Chase* has been very well performed at the Strand.

Besides Mrs. Glover's inimitable Widow Green, and Mr. W. Farren's Sir William Fondlove, a most finished and artistic piece of comic acting, Mrs. Sterling's Neighbour Constance is entitled to much praise, as is also Mr. Henry Farren's Wil-drake, and Mrs. Leigh Murray's Lydia.

MARYLEBONE.

THIS theatre prospers under its new management. On Monday, a drama (we believe new) was produced, called the *Road of Life*, in three acts, or, as the bills express it, in *three stages*. The object of the writer has been to exhibit his *dramatis personæ* under the influence of different circumstances, and to shew the effect of the freaks of fortune on them. The grouping of the characters, and the contrast of the situations are managed with considerable skill and tact. We have a dandy and spendthrift transformed in the last act into a street hawker; a vulgar moneyed cit is turned into a common labourer, and an ambitious *soubrette* becomes his wife. There is a wealthy and villainous banker, who has disinherited a nephew in order to purchase a title for his daughter, but who is detected by a returned convict, whom he has first made the tool of his iniquities, and then got sent to the Hulks. The dialogue is well written, and the comic portions filled with the usual quantity of fun and *double entendre*. Mr. G. Wild, as the cit, and Miss Fanny Williams, as the *soubrette*, two debutantes at this theatre, were very well received, and the piece was entirely successful.

Mr. Stirling's new farce, called *Wild Ducks* followed, and is one of the best that has come from the author's prolific pen. The idea is equally extravagant and happy. A village coquette punishes the husbands of three of her friends—each of whom is trying to establish a *liaison* with her—by inducing them to hide themselves, for fear of detection, under three hen-coops, and while they are in this dignified posture, exhibiting their wives to them, supping and flirting with three officers. The idea is as well wrought out as it is conceived, and the pretty face and graceful vivacity of Miss Jane Coveney, as the heroine, stamps her a decided acquisition to the theatre. The house was well filled.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES AT BRISTOL

(From Felix Farley's Journal, January 19.)

THE pieces acted during the past week have enabled the Bristol citizens to take a last farewell of Macready in some of his best-fitted and most successful personations—Iago, Virginius, Lear, and Lord Townly. Of all the living and speaking pictures that this greatest of present actors has ever rendered, it may perhaps be said that his Iago comes the very nearest to that perfection, the complete attainment whereof, in palpable figure, speech and gesture—so as to *realise* to the mind, through eye and ear, the conceptions of the master—is, one may say, by the superhuman vastness of Shakspeare's genius made impossible to any—the most accomplished and gifted—of the human kind. It is recorded that William Shakspeare, as an actor, was but a poor exponent of his own mental creations; he had too much of thought and too little of time to learn the business of an interpreter. How seldom do they who spend their evening at a play reflect upon the midnight hours of lives that have necessarily been wasted and worn to minister to their brief instruction! If we could achieve the human impossibility of squeezing into one living being the inspired soul of Shakspeare, with the perceptive genius and the life's practical toil-won experience of Macready, we should have that *perfect embodiment*.

But to Iago:—The conception of this part as realised by

Macready bars effectually the critical objection made to almost all the actors of it. The great art of acting is to conceal the art—and so move an audience to lose all sense of the mimicry of the scene in a feeling of art-bred reality; and it is but to repeat a hacknied stricture to note that your Iago in most hands is but a clumsy villain, scowling and growling in the presence of the man around whom he is supposed to be weaving his subtle meshes—and thus destroying the fine conception of the author, and making the auditory wonder how Othello could be such an ass as to be taken in by such a palpable and transparent rogue. Macready does not treat it thus:—he follows the author's intent. Alone—soliloquising his own thoughts, you see the deep designing knave broadly painted; while with the victims of his malice you have just so much, and no more, of his real nature, as will lead you, but not them, to a perception of his motives. The actor shows you, in short, that he has discovered more of the "comedy" of Iago's character and the versatility of its villainous shrewdness than are conventionally worked out of it, accommodating his demeanour "excellent well" to each of his dupes according to their several qualities; the cozening of silly Roderigo, the jovial rollicking temptation of the open-hearted Cassio, the subtle instilment of poisoned thoughts into the brain of the noble Moor—are all portrayed with such consummate skill as to give the spectators but a mere shadowy direction to the foregone conclusion of his distinct and, to them, ascertained malignancy.

Yet, as we have said, no Shaksperian actor can be absolutely perfect; and even Macready has—(we may say—at this last stage of his professional career—"has had")—his faults, as what great artist has not? and the greater the artist the greater his pet errors. Least venial of all, in the actor we have now bidden adieu to, most firmly fixed, as the pertinacity that growing years will fix a habit in men's minds, is that strange fashion of pausing most unnaturally at some particular crisis, ere he proceeds with the business of the play. In the last scene of the fifth act this statuesque stillness of his was most painful. People began to wonder whether it was Macready wilfully, or one of the city tragedians by lack of memory, that kept back the poet's words so long. Actors cannot see themselves act, and lookers-on can perceive effects, good or bad, better than those engaged in the business of the piece; and we may, therefore, not in conceit, deprecate this mannerism, and wholesomely advise all young aspirants to high honours in the art, including some of our Bristol players, "to avoid it altogether," though Macready be the prototype.

The great actor was not well supported in the tragedy—nor, on the other hand, had he any thing very good to support, seeing that Mr. Coleman's Othello, though coldly correct in stage business, [perfect in words, and not ungraceful in action, wanted just the noble dignity and intense feeling that can only preserve the actor, in certain portions of the play, from unfavourable comparisons with the representative of his "ancient;" so Mr. Macready did not perhaps shine the less brilliantly in Iago because James Wallack, or Gustavus Brooke, was not the Othello of the night. Miss Edwards rendered Desdemona with a true feeling of the gentleness and abiding love of her who "loved him for the dangers he had passed;" and the Emilia of Mrs. Saville was well declaimed. Brabantio, too, was read with sound emphasis and good discretion by Mr. Maddocks. The Roderigo of Mr. J. Davis was somewhat overmuch tinged with the low-comedy colour, but in its predominant "greenness" a good accessory, by contrast, to an Iago in this particular style. For the rest of the *dramatis personæ* the less that might be said the better.

On Tuesday was played *Virginius*, and on Wednesday *Lear*, in both of which characters we have so often had occasion to notice Mr. Macready, that any criticism therein would be but the repetition of an oft-told tale.

Last night Mr. Macready played in the last act of *Henry the Fourth*, and afterwards Lord Townly, in the *Provoked Husband*.

As the curtain was falling Mr. Macready came forward, and, after the hearty approbation had subsided, spoke as follows:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have not waited to night for the summons with which you have usually honoured me. As this is the last time I shall ever appear on this stage before you, I would beg leave to offer a few parting words, and would wish them to be beyond all question from the spontaneous tribute of my respect. I shall not—it is not my intention to trespass for any length of time on your attention. The little that I have to say may be briefly said; indeed, attempt at display or effect seems to me scarcely in accordance with the occasion,—to me, in truth, a melancholy one,—and certainly would very imperfectly interpret the feelings which prompt me to address you. For a long course of years, indeed, from the period of my early youth, I have been welcomed by you in my professional capacity with demonstrations of favour so fervent and so constant that they, in some measure, have seemed in their nature almost to partake of a personal interest. Under the influence of this impression, sentiments of deep and strong regard have taken firm root in my mind; and therefore it is really little other than a natural impulse for me to wish to leave with you the assurance that, as I have never been insensible to your kindness, so I never shall be forgetful of it. (Loud cheers.) I have, really, ladies and gentlemen, vainly tasked myself to find due expressions for those emotions which I shall ever cherish towards you; and therefore let me at once and for all proffer you, to-night, my warmest thanks with my regretful adieus, as in my profession as an actor, I most gratefully and respectfully bid you a last farewell." Mr. Macready then retired amidst bursts of applause, renewed again and again.

While speaking the address, Mr. Macready was evidently much affected, the appearance of the house, which presented one mass of human beings, evidently awaking feelings of pure emotion.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 42.)

Ουτος εστι γαλειωτης γερων.
This is a gallows old fox.

MENANDER.

Nos qui sequimur probabilia, nec ultra quàm id quod verisimile occurrere^d progressi possumus, et refellere sine pertinaciâ, et refelli sine iracundiâ parati sumus.

Cic. *Tusc. Quæst.* ii.

So little was Tasso ashamed of these casual imitations of other poets, which are so often branded as plagiarisms, that in his Commentary on his Rime, he takes pains to point out whatever coincidences of this kind occur in his own verses.

MOORE.

Thus when a good housewife sees a rat
In her trap in the morning taken,
With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat,
In revenge for her loss of bacon;
Then she throws him to the dog or cat,
To be worried, crushed, and shaken.

Beggar's Opera.

Plagiarism the First.

Groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses, till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it.

This is stolen either directly from

SIR W. JONES.—*Grammar of the Persian*, ii., 168.

I said, is the Zephyr breathing from the garden? or is a caravan of musk coming from Khoten?

Or from a poetical work of the same author, in which the same thought is more fully expressed:—

SIR W. JONES.—*The Seven Fountains*, iv., 439.

As when at eve an Eastern merchant roves,
From Hadramut to Eden's spikenard groves,
Where some rich caravan not long before
Had passed, with cassia fraught, and balmy store,
Charmed with the scents that hills and dales diffuse,
His grateful journey gaily he pursues.

Plagiarism the Second.

He was youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, CHRISHNA, such as he appears to their young imaginations—heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes.

This is little better than a new version of

SIR W. JONES.—*On the God's of Greece*, i., 266.

The princesses of Hindostan, as well as the damsels of Nanda's farm, were passionately in love with CHRISHNA, who continues to this hour the darling god of the Indian women.

So many of the poets have made drum-heads, tin trumpets, and other musical instruments, of their ladies' eyes and faces, that novelty on the theme is quite hopeless. With the moon-struck gentlemen of Parnassus, a Jew's-harp is not half so melodious as a fair countenance. Here we have Chrishna breathing music from his eyes, as systematically as if he were only breathing the common air of life through his nostrils. The only wonder is, that even this abominable rubbish is not original, but is copied by Tommy from that hackneyed line of

LOVELACE.

The melody and music of her face.

The same thought is in

LANSDOWNE.—*British Enchanters*, act i., sc., 1.

When with adoring looks we gaze

On bright Oriana's heavenly face,

In every glance and every grace

What is it that we see,

But harmony—

Celestial harmony?

Our ravished hearts leap up to meet

The music of her eyes—

The music of her eyes—

And dance around her feet.

It was pilfered first by

BYRON.—*Bride of Abydos*.

The light of love, the purity of grace—

The mind, the music breathing from her face.

Plagiarism the Third.

Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flow'rets and fruits blush over every stream.

SIR W. JONES.

Cheremon in Ἰσθλορες εἶπεν τεκνα jucundissimè vocat, cum dicit Ἀθηναίου τεκνα εἶπεν περί στροφάωντες.

In Athenæus, (Deipnosoph. xiii, cap. xi,) ivy is called the daughter of the year.

Χορὼν ἐραστῆς κισσὸς ἐνιαυτοῦ δὲ παῖς.

Anacreon likewise, in his fifth ode to the Rose, thus apostrophises it:—

Ρόδον ὦ φερίστον ἀνθός,

Ρόδον εἶπεν μέλημα.

In the emblems of Quarles, we read:—

Oh, do not, children of the spring,

Hither your charming odours bring,

And in

COWLEY.—*Hymn to Light*.

The violet, spring's little infant stands,

Girt in thy purple swaddling bands.

It may seem scarcely worth while to quote such trifles, but in plagiarism, as well as in jealousy, trifles light as air

Are to the critics confirmation strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.

Plagiarism the Fourth.

O'er his features hung

The veil—the silver veil which he had flung,

In mercy, there, to hide from mortal sight

His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light;

For far less luminous, his votaries said,

Were ev'n the gleams miraculously shed

O'er Moussa's cheek, when down the mount he trod,

All glowing from the presence of his God.

This is taken from

DR. HERBOLT.—*Bibliothèque Orientale*.

Les disciples assuroient qu'il se couvroit le visage, pour ne pas éblouir ceux qui l'approchoit, par l'éclat de son visage comme Moïse.

The same image occurs in two English authors.

DRYDEN.

Such was the saint who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.

BROOME.—*Epistle to Fenton*.

Such joys as none but sons of virtue know,

Shine in thy face, and in thy bosom glow;

So when the holy Mount the prophet trod,

And talked familiar as a friend with God,

Celestial radiance every feature shed,

And ambient glories dawned around his head.

Plagiarism the Fifth.

And as they wave aloft in morning's beam,

The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem

Like a chenar-tree grove when winter throws

O'er all its tufted heads its feathering snows.

This is pillaged from Homer, who compares Hector, rushing to battle with his large white plumes floating in the breeze, to a lofty mountain pinnacled with snow, and itself in motion:

HOMER, *Iliad* xiii. 754.

Ἡρα καὶ ὀρηγῆθ' ὀρεῖ νιφασεῖντο εὐκίως.

POPE'S Translation.

This said, the towering chief prepares to go,

Shakes his white plumes, that to the breezes flow,

And seems a moving mountain topt with snow.

Plagiarism the Sixth.

Aloft the Haram's curtained galleries rise,

Where through the silken network glancing eyes,

From time to time like sudden gleams that glow

Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.

And blushes swift and wild

As are the momentary meteors sent

Across the uncalm, but beauteous firmament—

BECKFORD.—*Vathek*.

Soon reaching the interior of the harem, where, through blinds of Persian, they perceived large soft eyes, dark and blue, that went and came like lightning.

The second image is stolen from an entire cluster of originals.

SHAKESPEARE.—*Venus and Adonis*.

But now her cheek was pale, and by and by

It flashed forth fire as lightning from the sky.

T. MIDDLETON.—*More Dissemblers than Women*.—Act i., sc. 2.

Aur. You make me blush, sir.

Lact. 'Tis like a star shot from a beauteous cheek.

SHIRLEY.—*The Maid's Revenge*.—Act i., scene 2.

From whose fair eyes love threw a thousand flames

Into Antonio's heart, her cheek bewraying

As many amorous blushes, which break out

Like a forced lightning from a troubled cloud.

SMART.

As those roguish eyes advance,

Let me catch their sidelong glance,

Soon, or they'll elude my sight

Quick as lightning, and as bright.

TIGHE.—*Psyche*.—Canto ii.

Oh! have you seen, when in the northern sky,
The transient flame of lambent lightning plays
In quick succession, lucid streamers fly,
Now flashing roseate, and now milky rays;
Thus o'er her cheek the fleeting signals move.

And thus it is that we moderns write poetry!

Plagiarism the Seventh.

*Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise.*

When Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, beheld the beautiful Nun at Murano, he addressed her in the following complimentary strain, worthy of a fantastic genius such as his.

"Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia, ni voce per esser un Angelo."

A poet well known to Mr. Thomas Moore, thus translates it:—

Die when you will, you need not wear,
At Heaven's court, a form more fair,
Than Beauty here on earth has given;
Keep but the lovely looks we see,
The voice we hear—and you will be
An angel ready-made for Heaven.

Plagiarism the Eighth.

From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray.

GANESA PURANA.—*Asiatic Res.* xi. 43.

The whole world gazed on her with astonishment. Her eyes were more beautiful than of the antelope of the forest.

JAYADEVA.—*Songs of Gitagovinda.*

My heart is already pierced by arrows from Radha's eyes, black and keen as those of an antelope.

Plagiarism the Ninth.

*Yon warrior youth * * *
So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
Like War's wild planet in a summer sky.*

This simile is almost as old as Moore's own friend, Sam Rogers. Homer compares Astyanax to a star. Apollonius Rhodius assimilates Jason, the robber of the Golden Fleece (it is from the example of this antique thief that the word *fleeing* has been recently introduced among us), to the Star of Evening, which love-sick maidens fondly love to contemplate. I am sure I could quote a thousand instances where romantic young gentlemen have been dubbed "stars;" and so common is the fashion that a fiddler on one string,—a clown that stands on his head,—a clown that stands on his head, or walks out of a quart bottle, or a juggler who pulls a score yards of ribbon out of his throat (query sleeve?),—is now designated a "star of the first order." The finest description that I just now remember is that by the old monks, who have imposed upon us their own verses for those of Virgil.

Qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer undis,
Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes
Extulit os sacrum,*cælo tenebrasque resolvit.

DRYDEN.

So from the skies exerts his radiant head,
The star by whom the lights of heaven are led,
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dew,
Dispers the darkness, and the day renews.

What a poor figure "War's Wild Planet" cuts after this!

Plagiarism the Tenth.

*Oh! who could even in bondage tread the plains
Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise,
Kindling within him.*

* Did Virgil know anatomy? Why did Lucifer present his os sacrum first to the world?

This is Dr. Samuel Johnson's prose twaddle, *redivivus* in poetry.

Tour to the Hebrides.

Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which had been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

I remember these ruins well, but as *warmers* they are not to be compared to hot brandy and water.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN APPEAL TO THE BENEVOLENT.—A Grand Miscellaneous Concert, under distinguished public and private patronage, will be given at the Concert Room of the Princess's Theatre, on Tuesday, the 26th of February next, on behalf of Mrs. George and her children, whose cruel desertion by the composer, F. N. Crouch, is reported in the *Times* paper of the 19th September last, at which the following distinguished and popular artists have most promptly volunteered their services; namely, the Misses Williams, Bassano, Clarissa Enouy, Lucombe, Messent, O'Connor, Pyne, Poole, Roe, and Ransford. Messrs. Binge, F. Bodda, Genge, Lyon, Phillips, Ransford, F. Smith, Sporie, &c. Instrumentalists—Miss Kate Loder, Messrs. Distin, Nicholson, Cooper, Patey, &c. Messrs. W. S. Rockstro and John Roe will officiate as conductors.

MRS. MOWATT'S NEW COMEDY.—The morning papers differ in their opinions of this production. The *Times* encourages it by a kind and gentlemanly notice, the *Post* cruelly denies it all merit, the *Herald* takes a middle course, and the *Chronicle* apostrophises it in metaphor. From such variety of opinion, the *Examiner*, with its accustomed swagger, has failed to point out the truth.

"LE CAID."—*Opera Bouffe*, by Ambroise Thomas. This very popular opera, which obtained so great a success last year at the *Opera Comique*, Paris, will be produced on Monday evening next, at the St. James's Theatre; Madlle. Charton sustaining the part of Virginie. Paer's opera of *Le Maître de Chappelle* will also be revived on the same night; M. Chollet playing Barnabé.

MR. ALEXANDER BILLET'S second *Soirée Musicale* takes place on Tuesday next at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. The great feature of the performance will be a sonata by Pinto, a novelty as well as a feature, none of the music of that gifted young composer having been heard in public for a long time.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS give their first concert for the season to-night at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre. Among the performances worthy of note will be a Quintet by G. A. Macfarren, and a Sonata by Kate Loder.

VIVIER AND BENEDICT.—It is understood in musical circles that Mr. Benedict and M. Vivier are engaged in the joint composition of an opera. We do not remember an instance of like collaboration in music. For the opera houses at Paris a *libretto* has more than once been divided into acts, to be set by different masters, but rarely with happy results. M. Vivier's remarkable originality of melody, however, justifies us in expecting something interesting and beautiful.—*Athenæum*.

SIGNOR ROMAGNESI, formerly a very popular writer of romances and ballads, died within the last few days at Paris. The funeral service was performed over his remains in the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette. Two of his romances were sung to the words of a "Lachrymosa," and a "Pie Jesu," by a number of his pupils. Verily the French exhibit a strange mode of paying homage to their celebrities, as they display a strange judgment in their choice of what is great!!

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—The members of the Premier's family are all busy studying the various parts they will shortly have to act in Woburn Abbey. The performances will be got up in first-rate style, under the superintendence of Mr. W. J. Hurlstone, an amateur actor of considerable talent and experience.

MISS DURLACHER (one of Balfe's best and most favourite pupils) has, we are happy to say, recovered from her late indisposition; we hope to hear her often at the concerts of the ensuing season.

MADAME DULCKEN.—The concert given by this distinguished performer on Thursday evening passed off very successfully. During her stay in this city Madame Dulcken visited the Musical Academy of Mrs. E. C. Allen, Gardiner's Row, and expressed herself much pleased at the style in which a variety of overtures were played, in concert, by eighteen of Mrs. Allen's pupils. Madame Dulcken passed flattering encomiums on Mrs. Allen's system.—*Dublin Paper.*

THE WHITTINGTON CLUB.—The annual *soirée* of this institution took place on Tuesday evening week, and attracted a vast concourse of the subscribers and their friends. The entertainments commenced with an address by C. Lushington, Esq., M.P., relating to the condition and attractions of the club. A concert succeeded the address, and shortly after dancing was commenced, and kept up with much animation to an advanced hour on Wednesday morning. The drawing and reading rooms of the establishment were appropriated for an exhibition of pictures and works of art.

DEATH OF MRS. BARTLEY.—This lady, who was for many years a brilliant ornament of the tragic stage, died on Monday week, at her residence, Woburn Square, after a severe and protracted illness, which lasted for seven years. Her disorder was a general paralysis, but her consciousness was perfect up to the moment of her dissolution. The deceased was formerly Miss Smith, who, in 1806, made her first curtsy to a London audience in old Covent Garden. During the very first season of her prosperous career, Mrs. Siddons returned to the stage, and on the same boards; and the best proof of Mrs. Bartley's genius that can be given is, that they played alternately Alicia and Jane Shore, without detriment to the fame of the younger actress. On the destruction by fire of Covent Garden Theatre, in 1808, Miss Smith accepted an engagement on London terms in Dublin. She remained in Ireland for three years, at the end of which period she made her second appearance at Covent Garden in 1811. Here she remained, first, foremost, and without a rival, until 1814, when she transferred her services to new Drury Lane. Soon after she became Mrs. Bartley, the wife of the excellent comedian. Mrs. Bartley died in the 65th year of her age. She who numbered Joanna Baillie and Sir Walter Scott among her warmest friends and most ardent admirers, and who was summoned to Windsor Castle and Buckingham House to charm the ear of royalty with her incomparable elocution, can have been no ordinary woman—no ordinary actress.

WARRINGTON.—On Friday the Musical Society gave an undress concert at the Music Hall. There was a numerous audience. The principal vocalists were Miss Milligan, of Liverpool; Mrs. Thomas, and Mr. W. Pigot, of Manchester. The programme contained a judicious selection of songs, duets, and choruses. This was the first appearance of Miss Milligan, and she was very well received. She is a pleasing singer, and is likely to become a favourite. Mr. Pigot was encored in some of Parry's favourite pieces.

GRANTHAM.—(From a Correspondent).—Miss Cobb gave her morning and evening concerts at the Guildhall, on Tuesday, January 15, assisted by Miss Wykes, Mr. Wykes, Mr. Handscomb, Mr. Adcock, and Mr. Nicholson (flautist). Miss Cobb's singing gave great satisfaction to the company. Her song "Lo, here the gentle Lark" (with flute *obligato* by Mr. Nicholson, who also performed a new solo with great success) was deservedly encored. The performance of Miss Wykes on the pianoforte displayed feeling as well as taste. The company in the morning was fashionable, though not numerous. In the evening the room was full.—*Lincolnshire Chronicle.*

MR. HUDSON, THE COMEDIAN.—We perceive by the *New York Press* that an error has crept into the English papers, and among others the *Illustrated London News*, respecting this gentleman. It has been stated that on his impersonation of "O'Flanigan," he was hissed off the stage, at the Broadway, New York. We have authority for stating that this report is totally without foundation. Certain parties *did* hiss at a certain portion of the play, but it was at the words of the author, and not at the actor. Mr. Hudson has become a great favourite with the Yankees.

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